

dried stick of the areca, constantly jumped
up and down
ejaculating "ha, ha" and producing a
ludicrous effect.
I asked him at the end what all that was
for. He said
it was intended to encourage the
youngsters. All the
youngsters laughed at this. These dances
are no doubt
dances of clan militancy and valour. In the
old days,
the leader should have stood up in the
centre, sword in
hand, and taken part in the dance. The
dancers were
followers who also wielded weapons. The
dancers now
are no longer warriors and the centre
dancer has either
no sword to hold or, having it, is afraid to
handle it
lest he should do damage to himself or to
others. So
the dried stick of the areca-palm has taken
the place of
the sword of the old days—a change
somewhat symboli-
cal of the condition of the people. This old
man began
to talk of the days he remembered and all
the glory of
the Malnad that had passed away. The
song of the
Malnad and the happiness of the Malnad, he
said, had
deteriorated. In the days when the road
came to
Vastara—which is about six miles
nearer to
Chikmagalur—this old man was young. He
was one of
those who went and worked on the new road
and earned
some money. Now the road is gone
much farther
but taken away from the beauty of the
country. There
was then no Aldur and it was no easy
matter for any
cart to come up to Havalll. To-day carts

from any-
where could come right into the heart of
the village.
And what the villages in these days had
come to f
In those days they used to give every
single mother's
son among the dancers one large measure
of grain.
There was then one head for each village.
Now every-
body called himself a Gowda and everyone,
unmindful